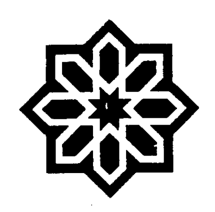
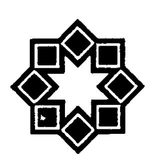


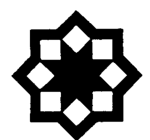
THE CONTEMPORARY ARABIC SHORT FICTION

SELECTED STORIES

Translated By
Rabia Moftah



Revised By
Prof. Gamal Abdel Nasser



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Preface

The aim of this Series is to primarily address the Western World, presenting its readers with some of the best achievements of the Arab writers at the present moment, especially at the fields of short and long fiction. It should be noted here that the story-tellers included in this Volume represent different Arab nationalities and different generations. The selection was carefully made by Mr. Rabia Moftah, an active member in the Salon's Academic Committee. To him I wish to express my deep appreciation of his effort exerted which I'm sure will provide the reader with both insight and joy.

Prof. Ghazi Zein Awadallah

The River of Ashes

Nagwa M. Hashim (Saudi Arabia)

The River of Ashes

This distant river that you always exerted much effort to search for and dream about seeing it seems to be completely the real thing.
That day seems to be bright clear. It is formed into a moment of streaming that will lead you toward the end of planning stages you have struggled for. The clues of the universe are like the colors of a rainbow. They can penetrate the release of everything that surpassed firmness and included isolation and seclusion.

You are still in your place mixing reality with imagination; illusion exceeds its limits. You fade away until you discover that the day is about to break forth and the night seems to fold the pages of dreams, silence, and planning.

You vacillate between your special dimension and a better temporal one. You glance at the breaking of the day, the absence of the night lights, the fading away and scattering of infatuated people's moments of ease and the release of all daily cares.
Between light and "non-light", you are trying to race against time to witness this civilized interlacement.

Your ascending breathing is about to break the wall of that beautiful depressing interlacement, then you seem to be like one who suffers from the hell of zero gravity.
To be or not to be:

Various conflicts are following one another in succession within you. They destroy you, and then you search around you for an escape to get out of all these conflicts; the distance is growing narrower and narrower around you. It seems to strangle you. But at the moment you remember that there are fundamental roots borne inside you and you are used to be in conflict with everything, your conflicts to be a human being, your conflicts with nothingness, and your

Your conflicts when you are trying to justify your sinking in a heroic stripe with yourself.
You insist that you will not face that conflict with the daily surprise hidden (there).

The world (there) catches your eyes, you turn around there, (there) draws the attention of the remote horizon. The dimension is seen as a wide extended space.

You sense a strange feeling of sudden choking surrounded with a gray color. You did not pay much attention to it because you got used to it

..oday at least. It is a dark color that hides the beautiful interlacement between the state of light and "non-light".

This choking is equal in an integrated dimension. You are unable to stop its crawling. It comes near to you, you are scared and dry to race against time to stop it but it grows stronger. You stare at everyone around you. All of them sinks in himself, his silence and other things. You stare again at other people (nobody answers).

You seem as if trying to gather himself and his humanity at that moment. You gather all your strength and feeling and go with them while you are still in your place gathering the remains of your lost mind and picking the lost memory.

You find them gathering themselves at this moment with all your past (here), and you leave "there" the word that you fear, it is of no importance now.

"Here" has overcome and prevailed over you.

Crazy surprise is doubled with the cells of the consciousness that is withdrawn like light before you.

You are racing against time searching for the river of merging with yourself, with every one around you. Waking them, kissing them, stimulating them and explaining to them that (Here) lines with them and (Here) is about to scream.

It is its gloomy adversity when (Here) storms into you. and after that swears that it will never come near to them.

You try this time to regain your gravity and faith by your open-mindedness .Then you explain this calmly to them and clarify this sedately and without changing or perplexing the features ah your face try to make the movements of you hands appear natural and your appearance be conscious their reaction slaps you.

You insist on your unsuccessfulness and failure and that you haven't benefited from you part experiences.

With the accumulation of pain inside you and the deepen of the tragedy in the corners of yourself while bearing it alone. This bleeding increases in clemently until you feel that your veins are torn and your arteries are cut with nothing left inside you but a sea of killing blood. It is undoubtedly a natural explosion of the effect of (Here).

You remember that great mountain of ice and how a hot water was poured on it. But it did not melt. In fact, you poured that water one day it was ineffective and you found it strange that the wondering of yourself and himself is not always melted. And what is the thing that melts you?

You are faced always with (Here) which sometimes insists on slapping him and sometimes finds him as he is in summer and in very icy winter that never melt.

Natural and industrial powers were poured over it, earthquakes shacked it, and volcanoes erupted it, but it remained icy. After that I made sure that if the tragedy drew near or the conflicts happened repeatedly or the pains deepened, they would melt the ice.

The theory appeared to him that the total constants are the facts and the natural established things.

And the picture may be the model that is able to be affiliated with the terrace of the ice age, suddenly:

Since the image of the ice melting and drying at the same moment appeared to you suddenly and abruptly. You felt that a river of ashes confines you with its colors and taste. There was an invasion of your soul that never surrenders, and that the time has come to stop reaping your night that are about to melt.

You remember the ice man who was melted abruptly and disappeared. When the cloud of "non-light" clears away, light prevails and with this prevalence your staring indifferently and painfully at au the face. At this moment, you feel that you succeeded in hunting one only demon that may get you out of all these frustrate on stages. He may make you feel secure and lead you to a serious search.

You will insist that you and he will not go to the areas of weightlessness be cause you and not any one else know thoroughly that anyone enters it will be lost. You make him understand, so he shakes his head as a sigh of understanding At this moment, your far and near visions meet the tragedy.

He disappears suddenly. All colors and things are running inside you. You feel a quick rhythm, and then your steps, run and affiliation hurry to there humming facer that sometimes appear suddenly to you. They coincide with the strength of light and your voice echo to them.

Matters are exaggerated; small things grow bigger the lost face appears to you bigger and with wild teeth. It is like a giant that if it.
Coming near to you, it will crush your ribs.
You insist to together on turning the face of truth and jump with it to the sail of imagination as usual but you can not.

It will make you descend to the unfathomable very Neal and definite with no sail, no vessel and no traveling boats.
Bitterness is still felt; patience remains hidden under the senses, the scaring word remains on the lips of its bearer. You stare at these lips, wait then, feel them as if them will jump on you, and you clamp your teeth. Your ears melt and you return to the lips of their bearer and stimulate him to utter it. You make him know that you are able to absorb its strength then the plausibility smile you hare will be revealed to him. When he is about to utter it, you hide your self in yourself and fear to hear it.

Then you will feel a severe confinement surrounds you, make you lose consciousness and deepen the tragedy of (Here) around you.
When you contemplate all the faces in an attempt to very dull, crowded with ideas and drawing your dead smile, you know that what happened does not exceed the limits of ordinary things.

Tue Long-Shadowed Man

Mona Wafiq (Morocco)

She laughs heartily, ignoring a deep sorrow in her heart. She transcends over sorrow submission and also her defeats. Like this she meets her New Year with a new hair Cut. She bought a bouquet and gave it as a present to her self.

She takes upon herself many promises that she will be an ostrich of a species that never sees, hears or speaks. Why do I care? Nothing happened to me. She also swears that she will reconcile with herself and play with this person that one and the other during Valentine Day. She decides that she will suffer a future of an enormous ego to the extent that she will lose any ability to make sacrifices.

But as his wicked shadow is still here, no thing of what she wishes will occur. She does not know why she called him "the long, shadowed man" since he left her. She is infatuated with its first impulse: "The heart is beating and beating" but no one opens the door. She longs for his words which are like the sting of ice, and for his looks that are still burning with the coldness of their fine brands. From him she learned that lone is a right to be snatched and not to be given.

Haven't the knife moved into her heart to bleed for him?

Yes. By God, he did.

"Many things grow smaller when we grow older". Sahar said one day.

Then "Mokhles" said amusedly that we who grow smaller and weaker other time things remain bigger and bigger..!

"Mokhles"... she whispered his name while fingering her lips that are still wet with uttering the letters of his name, as if standing up for him. Memories are trifling with her stimulating the desire of an adder in a wasteland. They drought her back to her meeting with "Mokhles" on rainy summer.

In her second setback, she made his acquaintance specifically in the cancer hospital. She was crying direly after the doctor pointed out how cancer developed largely in her father's left lung. He (Mokhles) approached her with a smile of a first-born child. He assassinated her sorrow beautifully, transparently and also smartly.

She left him running freely into the corridors of herself when their meetings repeated frequently later since she was young; she has an aversion for yellow-teethed people. They say "what bred the bone will come out in the flesh". But for her, the whiteness of the teeth reflects the whiteness of the heart.

Despite all that, she loved his yellow teeth for he is a heavy smoker. One tense he felt that she is choked and injected in her feeling. He asked her absent the reason for that? She answered with another question. Then he inquired about the man who be tried her. How much she loved his deep perception and insight. But he does not know that she kissed his soul a thousand times.

She often envies herself that man. She t ells him about has fear and has constant thinking of death. Then he speaks out frankly to her of his panic of just thin king of the real death which is banishment or marginalization. She confides him her deep sorrow and disgust of studying medicine but he moans out the accidents of frequent rape of Iraqi women before this husbands and children.

She gives him the fragrance "Armenian Gorgio" then he implants a flower in the bottom of a one letter of a poem. She explains to him the stages of breast and lung cancers, but he tells has about the cancer that pervaded the institutions of government, hospitals, art and justice. She challenges him his ability to provoke her. Then he discuses sex, body and all taboos to make her be senesce to her allegiance to a people who fears his language and many a time his history.

Never a sings feeling of superficiality against his depth of thought has grown in her. For she was never superficial. But she only feigns so. She hates him provoking her depth of thought which she forgot in search of comfort and peace of mind destiny wan an intimate friend to her. A friend that comes to her frequently to invite her to play chess with him the set of the roles is the role he has not played yet.

"Mokhles" was the last tournament to between until now. I wonder the suffering of the poet who said that man is greater than him Destiny?!!
It is not the cancer that afflicted" Mokhles" in his throat is what killed him; in fact it is a more dangerous cancer. It is the cancer that wore another clothes to kill in the name of religion.

The cotton ginner was crucified be cause he said repeatedly "I'm the rightness". I'm the rightness" "Mokhles" was splayed because they analyzed his creed and faith as they like. They charged him with the saying of the Marxist who sought blessing in the disordered Nietzsche's saying "God died" she felt as the owl of John Rifenscroft, she hit his memory, then his damned shadow returned. she finds him any where she goes. His long shadow is chasing her end whenever she treads on it, it be comes longs and longs!!

Her new wish startled her what if she were thrown in another existence; she would determine her being and choose to be an ant. Why not?

They enacted laws forbidding the demolishing of ants' houses and punishing any one who does this. It is good they did not sink in their

Utopia by forbidding the demolishing of the hares of these human masses on their heads the time now is the time of adulterous ants!!

She is laughing hearty again, determining to see the other like heaven not like. Hell, insisting that she will not be a willow worshiping its woodcutter, and taking revenge of his shadow that its dust will not last long.

The Greeting

Hayat Al-Rayyis (Tunisia)

The Greeting

Mr. Ibrahim woke up this morning shivering with panic. Am I late for my work? He looked at his watch: unbelievable, even the watch stopped. The light of day is seen outside. I have to fly quickly to my work. I will not give that bastard the opportunity to blacken my file any more.

For thirty years, I have never been late for my firm ever for a single minute. I am the first employee to clock in and the last to clock out... He knows this thoroughly and the director general knows this too and for this he greeted me back when I passed him at the stairs you I didn't believe that the chairman director general had greeted me. How come that he never did it with any employee years ago?

There is no doubt that he knows my bright white file thoroughly. His greeting in not for free it is an indication that he will promote me to be the head of the employees' department, the post I have dreamt of all my life. Thus bear no other meaning.

I'm sure that the chairman director general have not greeted me that day but after a careful thought that I'll be the suitable man for the suitable place. That bastard knows my ambitions and also knows that he doesn't deserve his post for I am none punctual than him. He tried to hinder me by finding a gap in my strong fortification in that day in which I accompanied my son to his school for a crucial matter.

In spite of the fact I have not been absent but for 2 hours, lo minutes and 30 second, the bastard took full advantage of this and reproached me officially. Although I explained the mater for him, he insisted on his altitude and said that he is doing his duty. He told me that if I pressed him, he would file a complaint against me to the chairman director general. But How did he know there news quickly like that?

And who did inform of the director's intention to promote me?
These is no doubt that one of the bastard's followers saw the director's greeting me! All of them spy on me. So long as it came to this extent of reproaches and threats of warnings then my promotion is sure, so the bustard wanted to destroy it completely. It's now important not to be late today, I have to hurry up. He called for his wife to prepare his coffee quickly but she didn't answer him.

He turned to startle her for he thought she was still a sleep but she was awake. He asked her for a coffee again but she didn't answer him. He was infuriated, it seems that she doesn't care about him but she rose a moment later she entered the kitchen, prepared coffee, brought it, put it on

the table as usual and stood before him. "To what extent will you still asleep today?

Have you forgotten yesterday's rebuke? Rise you man and go out". Then she left him and came out. What happened to that woman? Have she lost her mined or she wants me to go mad? I'm busy now; I'll deal with this later after returning from my work. It's important now to go out quickly. He does not know how did he drink the cup of coffee? The coffee has no taste or smell despite its ascending vapor.

He didn't know how did he put on his clothes and walked down the street? He remembered that he didn't wash his face... have he drunk his coffee? When he passed "uncle Kaddour's" shop, he greeted him but no one greeted him back. He continued his walking until he reached the main street "20 March sat. " He stood at the bus station "Soadoun Door". He saw some faces that he sometimes knows but no one exchanged greeting with him.

"What's going on today?"

Suddenly a yellow van came crawling and slanting toward the pavement due to its crowdedness. It seems that he will not open the door... I will relive soon of the van and its crowdedness. For thirty years now and I get it daily and dreams of the car of department head. This dreaming is more painful than the pain of the van.

I hated my life until that great day of "greeting" came, but I haven't been so yearning and longing for it like now.

The van stopped despite its crowdedness, people pushed one another, a woman fall to the ground under their feet but no one helped her for fear that the van would go. He didn't know how he gets on for he is very late now. He did not too how he got off at Nahg Roma station near his firm.

When he entered, he found the doorman reading newspaper at the reception.

"Good morning... what's the news today?"
But the doorman hasn't raised his eyes from the newspaper.
"Oh what a strange things! Ever the doorman that bastard bribed him. Does he wait me to bribe him to greet me?"

At the stairs and in the corridors, no one of his colleagues pays attention to him he feels that he is among them and no one greet him back. He was about to lose his mind. To that extent he incited all my colleagues against me overnight.

He flared with anger, entered his office, sat on his chair and thought of the matter, he was chocked, baffled and frightened. Suddenly the telephone ranged:
"Hello, is Ibrahim Al-Turkey there?"
"Yes, it's me, go on".
"Hello, is Ibrahim Al-Turkey there?"
"Go on, I said it's me".
"Hello, is Ibrahim Al-Turkey there?"
"Yes he is there, don't you hear?"
Awhile later, the line was down.
"What's happening today?

He began to play back the tape from its very beginning since he rose in the morning, he remembers that he called his wife but she didn't answer him. She spoke to him after that as if he had not he called her... the coffee? He did not remember that he drunk it... Uncle Kaddour... peoples at the station... the van... the doorman... his colleagues... his clothes, how he put it on?

Haven't he remembered that he opened his cupboard and chose it himself as he does everyday? His chair is empty... he looked around at his office but where is he? His chair is empty... there is nobody in the office then flew to his house and while he was standing at the door, he heard wailing. When he entered, he found his wife and children standing around his bead and weeping. The body of "Ibrahim Al-Turkey" was shrouded among them.

Thoughts at an Evening Party

Sara Al-Nawwaf (United Arab Emirates)

Thoughts at an Evening Party

The writer sat on the left of the presenter of the evening party. He was contemplating thoroughly the face he sees in the hall. It was filled with a little number of people interested in literature. They came to listen to his latest fictional creativity. The presenter was speaking but he was not listening to the good manners and the high degree of creativity that the presenter attributed to him. He is the first to know the fact of their preamble and also the first one to enjoy it and sometimes he believes it he heard the applause of the audience. He returned from where his imagination has carried him to, and then he smiled at their faces and began to present his masterpiece. He sat up and adjusted his glasses to the tip of his nose initiation of VIPs. He smiled again at some of the friends' faces who in turn smiled at him as a silent supporting demonstration and an encouragement to read.

"Today I present a story titled- A woman in a doctor's clinic... perhaps it admire you". He said in a dreaming voice and smiled again but this time at the all. Then he began to read his masterpiece. A woman approached the cosmetic doctor in his clinic" please doctor... I want to finish this as quickly as possible, many women and men preceded me to it... you know it is the fashion of the year she said".

The doctor looked at her from behind his small glasses "Ok... you the reason for this delay, the required piece was not available, but thanks God. We have an only piece this morning" he said. "Then... it's nine... do not say that it is already booked" she interrupted him. The cunning man smiled willfully "Oh sorry it is so" he said.

She was about to weep and a drop of tear came out from her eyes. He waited until tears fell and wiped out its way through the makeup of her cheeks. Two vertical lines with different colors appeared on her cheeks. The doctor was about to burst into laughter but his cunning held this back "No do not cry. For you know that you are one of my best clients so I'll give this piece to you. I may lose that client because of that but as I have told you, you desire this". He said.

The woman smiled and felt happy about what her doctor told her. The creative literary man stopped reading and looked at his audience to see their reaction about what he just read. He saw nothing but some smiles with confusion in their eyes and on the faces. "Of course... you creative man ... as such you made your audience hold their breath to be none attracted to you. Oh... of only I increased the ambiguity of this story a little bit. But it's impossible now, there is no time for that... let it be resumed". He said to himself. He looked at the point where he put his finger not to lose the line, then resumed: The woman felt happy about what her genius doctor told her that he will make her beauty of her time. She came out with the nurse to enter the room booked for her this moment and to prepare herself to tomorrow's operation.

She passed a sleepless night. Her husband tried to calm her down but she was not afraid but excited about what will happen tomorrow, will she have a haircut and shorten it or leave it as it is. How will it appear? How will be her appearance when she stands face to face with anyone or sit beside anyone else. Of course she will be beautiful but what she is thinking of is that how much her beauty will be. The writer stopped reading for awhile to look again to his audience... oh my God... there is a woman in the second row who already yawning. She seems to be a sleep, how she dares!
But for the man beside her, he was covering his mouth with the card, will he sleep too? How miserable those who do not appreciate literature and creativity.

The most important thing is to complete reading the story to the audience. In the morning she heard the voice of the nurse asking her to prepare herself before entering the operation room. Shay lay down on the stretches while still thinking more and more until she fainted from the effect of the anesthetic injection. When she woke up, she felt a sharp pain she opened her eye then she know the doctor and her husband, after that she lost consciousness again because of the tranquilizer injection. After some days of pain and analgesics, the doctor said that tomorrow will be the time for lifting the bondages to see the results of the marvelous successful operation that the genius doctor with the small glasses has performed.

The writer stopped reading and looked again at the audience. He infuriated when he saw a woman moving among the audience, she wants to leave the hall. "That ignorant woman does not know the real value of literature" he said. But it seems that she is not only the ignorant one for the number of the audience reduced to a half. And before his anger would kill him, he said to himself "of course, nobody will stay but the listeners' elite who really taste literatures".

Before he could resume his masterpiece, he was surprised when he saw the presenter moving his chair to stand up. He smiled a calm beautiful smile at the writer who was consoling himself that it is better for the presenter to sit among the audience in order not to feel inferior to the matchless literary more when he sits beside him. He resumed his reading after smiling to the presenter on a compliment: the doctor began to open the bondage slightly and slowly while she was about to fly with joy. She stretched her hands to touch her ears. She cannot believe that she attained what she wished. The doctor said: do not press them; you know that the operation was performed a few days ago so touch them tenderly. The woman put her hands kindly on them. She was examining their length and width and thinking of the haircut that would make them appear.

The doctor came out while her husband came in, he said to her happily, congratulation my wife; your rabbit-like ears are very beautiful. They are better than your former small tiny ears. "The woman felt happy about what her husband said and asked the nurse for a larger mirror to see all herself. She felt a great victory over her neighbor who has ordinary ears. "She will become thunder struck when she returned from her travel and sea me with these beautiful ears" she said repeatedly to herself.

"Tell me, have our neighbors come?" she asked her husband. "Yes. I saw her and she asked about you and I told her that you traveled to see your sister" the husband replied. "She said that he traveled too to see his sister". The woman thought a little in the matter then she looked again at her beautiful ears in the mirror while her husband was happy to touch them with his hands. The literary man stopped reading... he looked at his audience faces. And that woman is still a sleep. The number of who cover their mouths with cards increased. Are they yawning or they are just initiating one another. Let it be completed, it is just a bit of time and I will hear their loud applause.

The woman returned to her house and waited for any phone call or visit from her neighbor but of no avail. Then she decided to throw a simple party to invite all her neighbors under the pretext of her returning from travel.

On the party day, they all came but the concerned neighbor was late, they were all around her and hovering about he. She raised her hair to show them her ears clearly. All their comments agreed on her beauty and marvelous taste in choosing those rabbit-like ears for their length, softness and beauty, even their color was a point of administration. All this did not quench her thirst for revenge but her neighbor's presence. She soon came in the flat with her husband.

They all turned to them; they were astonished for a while. They left the owner of the party and paid attention to them, they stood around the neighbor's husband who seems to be very happy along with his wife. They were very happy about his new ear... the donkey-like one. The literary man stopped for some moments after he finished his story. His eyes remained clapped at the diamonds lined on the paper before him. He was hearing some murmuring during reading but he didn't mind this. "It must be coming from the audience who think highly of the man and that he is the top of the creativity".

Moments later, he decided to raise his eyes and look at them to see his success in their eyes that were astonished by his unique style. He raised his head in an acting movement that he has repeatedly performed in

his house. He looked at the hall but his looks were about to fall to the ground. He was thunderstruck because of what he had seen... the hall is empty except the silent chairs and the sleeping woman.

Noothing … Everything

Abdallah El-Gefri (Saudi Arabia)

Nothing...Everything

Big hearted people die of a simple grief. It's one O'clock after midnight... Jedda is aging within this warm stillness. At this moment a candle stays the night alone... dropping shadows, breaths, steps that eat away the way and is lost in dense shadows.

Nothing... it is everything!

This phrase was dropped from his lips; no it is from his jaws. He was clamping his teeth together and spitting disgustingly in the front. He was spitting all the hours that were crumbled before this hour... this moment one o'clock after midnight!

Luxuriant cars, taxies were paving him; they were running and escaping by the night, by calmness and by his regular steps on the asphalt surface where the night's lights were reflected on it like mirage.

He swallowed a sneering and scorned smile... oh you comfort, you fill our souls like the asphalt surface on Jedda Street. Our things are running on you, and then they shake on your bumps and fall or become shaky. It is a silly simile and a faulty one! He whispered. I do know that... but I knock the wall of the time every night without a retuning echo.

The whistle of the night guard screamed into his ears them he shivered. Here is my psychological state; it is just like the climate of "Jeedda". Its winter comes like flash. As soon as my psychology calms down and I search for warmth, the summer penetrates it to turn it into fine with continuous burning of that beating midday heat. All the examples are bad, how miserable those people who seek examples for their thoughts. The streets are empty and the lights are fading.

He wants ahead speaking to that beautiful long street... the airport street. A week ago he was thinking of buying a ticket from the airline to travel to Cairo. Two weeks later, he will close his desk and say good by to his colleagues and enjoy his time of whole month.

Ha! Ha! Ha!, is it really a reaction... really!!

The whole "salary" will go with the wind not to be paid along with the car installment. God curse all the models of car... Not completing a year with him and the car began to empty his pocket.

He is easier going to the car company or coming back from it. He is without his car night, it is the workshop. But walking in interesting this time, he is hearing his voice, his footfalls; they are his worries, dreams, challenges, passions or excitements and his comfort. I fed up with this house, you work until midnight and return to ask me for dinner your brother wakes up in the early morning and asks for breakfast to go to his school. Your father died years ago and was he lived by his death, leaving all this torment for me. You have to marry to bring someone to help me in this home or at least to relieve and entertain me, his mother said on Saturday. Entertain her... ha!... they will divide the hose into two teams of football, I will be either with my mother or with my wife. If unite, they will play the football national team match!!

Put it out of your head, the girl here wants to nationalize her husband and her family wants him to declare his bankruptcy after marriage. Oh how I think quickly of reaction them marriage... then the respected chairman of the board he requests me to work even in my house and in the end of the month he files a complaint against me to his superior head.
Oh my God... everything... is nothing!!

Even Rasha... Yes the female I loved, wants to fly time with her anger! People today are flying time with anger so the rate of people who die of a blood colt and artery clogging is on the increase scientist say that it is anger that causes this, and I say to Rasha; do not love me when you are angry... but she wants to fly time.

Even Rasha told me yesterday: you are an in deferent man; you do not love me when you see me. You forget me when I am absent. She slammed down the receiver after she said:

Prove that you love nobody but I will give you my whole heart.

Prove to her... ha!

I can not prove that to her financially or with something tangible, how, I love her madly as such you can not prove to me that I betray you to justify your absence! In love... there is no proof but it is felling. I said.

The hours of day and nights passed and Rasha was waiting the proof and I was waiting the negation. How will we deny our feeling and throw it in deference and projection!?

Rasha is every thing... and she searches for nothing!

And age is everything... and use waste it in nothing!

I thought of marring her. It is a difficult thing.

How come that! To change her form a moving thing into a "sticky thing". Women think with their attraction... but men's thoughts are broken down as soon as women think. The night is attractive, how wonderful to be alone and in deferent in this night.

Why do we cancel some of our thoughts!!

It is not because we dispensed with them or failed to embody them but because they are lost in the crowdedness of new thoughts.

It is a miserable joking; it is our thoughts that are more miserable. For example if a car came fastly and folded me between its wheels!?

An accident. how man a man whose thoughts crush them more painfully than the crushing under a car or by death!

Now I am walking... and my thoughts demolish me...

I put my tongue out at silence, the moon, the broken asphalt and the luxuriant crazy running cars.

There is no difference between putting my tongue out at it when I am walking or putting it out at it while being carried on an ambulance "stretcher" with faces looking at me and say: he died under the wheels of the car. But I have an important matter...

I do not think of how I like... but how will I die!?

And I disordered in my feeling?! I only have shaky lids... my eyelids are in constant dancing and so are people when they are awaiting surprise...

My problem is the surprise!!

My age is thirty years... there years are full of surprises. My father died as a surprise, I left my studying as a surprise, I worked as a surprise, and I loved Rasha as a surprise an when an hour of my day pass I feel that it passed as a surprise... that the hour passed with doing something I don't know or want or wait!

This is the unsuccessfulness of excellence. I wanted to be excellent but my life became full of constant weeping. Sometimes weep because I haven't wept in the hours of the day, and if I wept, I laugh because I was thinking of something... it is nothing because after tears everything becomes easy.

Everything... is nothing!!

Am I telling the story of my life?!

Never... I am just trying to get out of the crowds and call you by saying-

Come here... to see what I' m seeing!

It is sure that I see the same thing with millions of lenses and colors of understanding things. I give the daily newspaper to my head and refer to a piece of information written in it then he turns his face to me and

say:
Who cares?! Israeli aggressions, booby- trapped messages, hijacked planes, bombs dropped on he ban on, Arabs are holding meetings, Jews are building settlements, New, Nixon is dancing with "patty" happily after his reelection. What's new in the newspaper? Then I sit and withdraw into a corner happily... because I discovered that these is another man who is in deferent like me.

"Stop that wasting of money and profligacy. Your money is wasted in profligacy and the presents you give to your would-be bride. Go to the market to know how much the price of sugar went up. Do not forget to buy rice before its price goes up, bring a dozen of washing soap and pay the rent. You are completely careless boy. "My mother said". Then I kiss her on her forehead, she bore the brunt of our cares. and I go to the market to buy a fragrance bottle for" Rasha"!
"Rasha" does not want presents... every time she kisses me she whispers in my ears after- a dialogue and say with whom you were and whom you knew. I want you alone; I want the man who thinks of me all his tine and dream with me of the future. Until now you haven. I bought a piece of land to build a "villa" on it!

A life's profligacy... how wonderful, nothing is more disgusting than it is. Tomorrow I will buy a dozen of soap to my mother.
Tomorrow-too-I will see "Rasha" despite slamming down the receiver, why we tine our heads with arguments and comparisons!!
Tomorrow is a new day named: fuck it! It is like the other days making us old as they advance (pass).

This is the flat door, I'll insert the key in it calmly and creep into it lest my mother wakes up and reproach me as usual, she must be a sleep and tired after reciting "the chair a verse of the holy quern" a hundred times every night!

My mother's room is lit! What happened? I hurried sparingly ... waiting the last supervise in the end of that day!

Mother...mother

I found her snoring in her sleep and holding the "one thousand beads" rosary with her hand. I took my breath again. I don't want my mother to be dead, to be able to return to the house every night. She is everything... in nothingness!

She is confined by many different diseases... but I want her ever when she feels pain. The most important thing is that her voice would not fade away.

Is this every thing!!

"I want you to care about one only thing for one only time that is to make me feel that you have an aim and that you line a meaningful life".

How kind you are mother! Will you be satisfied that you are the meaning of my life. She will say repeatedly while arguing me with a sober smile on here face:

You boy! What about "Rasha"!

Rasha is my life and you are the meaning of it! Do you see how that boy is speaking cunningly!

I turned off the light of the room and walked again in the night. I didn't know what are the things that drew my steps again to the lit streets...the still ones!?

"Rasha" fills heart as the river banks provider me with impulse...

My mother occupies the pupil of my eye to guide my steps.

How wonderful to love!

When we love we don't care a damn. I said this to "Rasha" but she understands that I do not care about her love!
And when we lone who do not understand?!
But she says to me to not insult me!!
The morning is about to down. It is an endless night full of all my thoughts injured me...
It is full of every thing in this very still world... in nothingness. Sleeping now is a dear wish. Four hours later I will go to work, if not, they will deduct my salary due to indifference!

I will have a light sleep. My mother does not have me sleeping, she wake me up half an hour before the time of my work. I feel that there is a wide world of dreams under my eyelids, I will court my dreams until I fall a sleep. The room's door is about to come off... what all that hard knocking!? It is the voice of playful boy going to the school...
Brother... brother open the door ... wake up!
The boy called him sacredly. He jumped panic-stricken to open the door... what happened?!
Come here quickly... see. I was waking u my mother to prepare breakfast to me but she did not answer me... our mother died... died!!
Died??!

An hour later the doctor said: she died of a heart –stroke. She had a big heart so she died.
Big-hearted people die of a simple grief!!
Do dreams end like that?!
Is it the beginning at life of its end?!
She died and every thing is nothing?!
Life will be a simple grief... a simple one!!

No Visit for Women

Aysha Abul Noor (Egypt)

No Visit for Women

I sat in a squatting position with woman around me, reciting some verse from the Holy Qoran and I was saying my prayers... woman were humbly murmuring some recitations and supplications likes bees buzzing n a closed bottle.

I was dressed in white... my hair was white... my chest was white... my belly was white... and my legs were white... women beside me were dressed in white too as brides me widowed in their wedding might... coming to eulogize their protected virginity... and supplicating to God to bring their men back to life to get rid of these white garments... and to end their first night peacefully so their bellies smell up announcing their fertility and the fertility of their men.

As a result, they will dream in black as a sign that the ground has been repeatedly plowed, sowed and harvested until it wane out and lay fallow and became its duly now to be dressed in black.

Now the call for prayer was heard a loud making the heavy stand up. In congregation they followed the prayer rituals humbly. The backbone became straight then bended and arched..., the two knew bended like two nails supporting a ramshackle building..., the head hung down until it touched the ground... the sound of murmurings, supplications and recitations were raised a loud and the sound of the buss of the bees doubled in strength to be like a swarm of been complaining... entreating... and asking good for forgiveness.

After the end of the prayer, a bushy-bearded man with a severe look moved suddenly and raised his stick punching and saying in a harsh and high-pitched voice:

No circling for women... No access for women... No coming for women.

Then he began to punch the cattle of the densely crowded woman with his stick... they returned..., raced and crowded over again until they fell one on the other like a flack of goats.

Suddenly, an innocent voice was heard a loud from an innocent eyes wondering innocently when watching men circling freely and enjoyably many times:

Is heaven for men only?

Her mother punched her in the waist to wide the puzzle of her daughter's question and said in a prohibition tone:

Ask God for forgiveness. Objection is sinful.

She shed tears innocently and secretly sobbed out the pain of her waist. Her sister whispered sparingly to her:

In fact, it is the law of men!

Moments later, the metal-robbed door flew open... then the crowds of women pushed it and raced like the cattle of rampant oxen as a result of their confinement for a long time.

The handsome man raised his stick and said angrily:

Wait for men to cone out first.

A woman grumbled and murmured defiantly:

The first rows in prayer in for men!

The right to circle all day long is for men!

Her neighbor warned her is whisper:

Do not object this or he will hit you with his stick!

Suddenly, a woman with an ugly face and harsh voice said nervously to her.

You woman! Be modest; your garment is transparent... your front hair is bare.
Are you adorning yourself to make men peep at you?
Another woman supported the first and said:
Yes, it is sinful. The wave of the people pushed her against her cause, but she resisted it as a drowning man resisting death while swimming against the current.

On the other side of the road that separates the group of men from the group of women, she caught sight of a man's hair... a man's shoulders... and a man's for arms... her body began to tremble when she remembered yesterday's dreams that whenever she comes near to the grave for circling, praying and supplicating, she sees tens of snakes' heads come out of hidden holes.

She felt a sharp-pointed elbow like a knife's blade implanted in her side which is treated for an illness. Then a woman ordered her roughly:
Lower your gaze, it is sinful.

On the other side of the separating rods, a jelly-like structure of a woman dressed in black pawned upon her and said rudely.
Veil your face, it is sinful.
All of a sudden, she was hit by a thick stick on the shoulder and heard a high-pitched voice saying.
You women go... go...go...!

She felt a deep anger in her chest but resisted her strong desire to pull his stick and shower him with it on the head- the head that is like the black solid mountain rocks.

Again, the flood of bodies pushed her to a tightly closed circle... she kept on turning round... round... round with the confined been in the bottle-neck were burning in her ears... she tried to recognize a single letter of

what they are reciting after she had forgotten all her prayers, recitations and supplications due to her excessive exhaustion. She cudgeled her brains to recollect her memory for what she wanted to pray with.

All her attempts to recollect her memory has failed. Her lips trembled nervously. She tried to recognize what they were saying... she was deeply annoyed because her old feeling of tranquility and peace of mind that she once took from their recitation of the holy Koran when she was alone and sick in her house, has changed to be a feeling of irritation and anger about the behavior of the visitors of that holy place.

She wondered at their rude and aggressive behavior despite reciting the prayers and the verses of him Holy Koran that bear the meaning of mercy and forgiveness!! She tried to find a justification for all these bad smells coming from their contiguous bodies despite and cleaner.
She tried to understand why men glance furtively sat her and molest her in the markets as soon as they finish their prayer in the holy mosque and after listening to the Imam's sermon about the good deeds that lead to heaven and the bad ones that push them into fine.

She cried with pain due to a strong punch by a pointed elbow of a hasty woman who implanted it as a sharp arrow in her liver- the liver that she treats it for its incurable illness.

She remembered her brother's piece of advice before h travels:
You should recite the sure of Yasin, there in it for every patient. She swallowed hard because of her unquenchable thirst and began to lose strength due to crowdedness, heat and sweat.

She looked around searching for a narrow escape to cleave her way through it to come out of the siege of the bodies around her before she fell to the ground because of her thirst and exhaustion.

After many departed attempts, she began to use their means by pushing her body strongly into the rows of the bodies that more in a randomly violent waves. She was just about to fall under these crowded feet. Her attempts seem to like sea waves broken on the traces of the piled rocks! Suddenly, the danger loomed large after seeing what is like a rushing care van of tarter armies marching regularly toward their target but against the prevailing current of the opposite armies. For a moment, she imagined that she is in front of hug cattle of violent oxen that rush violently to wreak havoc on every thing.

Upon this terrible thought, she felt the ground with the feet of women racing in a violently sweeping march over her ailing body.
Upon this woman screamed to seek help, the sweeping march froze as it was some woman gathered around to stare at the peacefully the own body on the ground.
One of them shouted:
Oh my God!... by God this is pitiful .
A little girl throws herself over her still body and from a tearful face came aloud cry:
Killers... Killers...
Another voice came out:
By God, she is lucky. They will perform the funeral prayer in congratulation for her in this scared place.
Another woman replied:
She will enter heaven without reckoning.
A third one said:
I wish I were here.
Moments later, the bushy-bearded man raised his voice and stick toward the crowds:
Go... Go... the time is the cattle of woman's visit. Another time the cattle of women rushed and raced crowdedly toward the exit gate... The girl with innocent look and innocent tear stood in front of the man with these dull lineaments contemplating his oral features while he was repeating roughly and haughtily:
Tomorrow, no visit women... No circling for women!!

A Cup of Tea

Bushra Al-Khalfan(Oman)

A Cup of Tea

Having sat at his table, he began to write... Miss Mona lives alone at the top of the hill. He can see Mona's house with its protruding window frame, tile-colored roof and hellish arbor that climb over the outer wall. He can also see the cup of tea put on the tray at the door.

Miss Mona lives alone at the top of the hill, her house which maintain the brightness of white and baked brick colors was one of those few houses situated in that old lane.

The house was undoubtedly white; its broken bricks around its edges cover its roof like a Mexican hat. In a bed beside the short outside stairs, there were some flowers plants along with pots planted with bunch of mint and parsley.

Every morning, she likes to drink the tea with fresh mint leaves at the door of her house.

This setting enables her to follow with her eyes Mr. Ahmed when he comes out of his house and gets in his old car that has never moved from the front of his house.

Ahmed has bought that car twenty years ago. When he bought it, he told his wife that he will drive to hospital in case she falls ill, to the market to go shopping and to get in it together to visit their relatives and friends. But his wife never fell it, she didn't want to go shopping and they have no relatives or friends to visit so the car has never moved from the front of the door.

In spite of that he was aware to clean it every morning and run and runs its engine in car he had his wife to the hospital or to go shopping or to visit their friends.

When his wife died in her bed without any visible symptoms. He asked the son of his neighbor to drive him the cemetery in his car.
In here youth, Mona loved Ahmed but he married his cousin Samira because she was orphan. They were children despite attempts to have children. With respect to Miss Mona, she married Dr. Khalid Mahmoud. Her brother's colleague at the hospital and gave birth to a girl and boy.

When Ahmed married his cousin Samira, Mona shut herself in her room and kept weeping for along time. After her engagement to Ahmed she accepted his proposal on condition that he lives with her in the house that on the top of the hill, when she became a mother, she felt happy. the two infants became all her life.

But they grow up as the habit of all the young and left her for long, her husband left her too and died. Madam Mona lives alone in the house situated on the top of the hill, she spent her mornings keeping and eye on Mr. Ahmed when he cleans his car and runs its engine in the morning.

From far, she raises her cup of tea to great him and he for his part greats her with his white dust cloth. But he never crossed the narrow street between their houses to have a chat. Her remembers her well on their youth and remembers her husband Dr. Khalid, the owner of the clinic situated in the market above his father's shop.

He also remembers her two children playing with their scooters in the street, her husband's funeral and her children's travel that he has never seen them after that travel. Months after his wife died, Madam Mona sent him an invitation for drinking tea with her.

Actually, he wanted to sit with her on the stairs and drink a cup of tea with her fresh mint leaves. On the contrary, he excused himself; he doesn't know why he excused despite the fact that for a long time he wished for that invitation to come to sit with her on the stairs while drinking a cup of tea with mint leaves.

He wanted to offer her lift by his car anywhere she wanted and to tee her about his wife that has never gotten in his car and who died without falling ill. And also about watching her two children playing in front of tne hose and about his wish to drink the mint tea with her at the stairs.

With the preceding paragraph, the story writer ended his story.

Then he stood and looked out of the window where Mona was sitting on the stairs drinking tea in front of hear house that is situated on the top of the hill while Ahmed was wiping of his car's bonnet with a dust cloth.

The Price

Zakariyya Sobh (Egypt)

The Price

Waking up caringly, he looked for his sons to make sure that it was just a dream and his young were still sleeping with his brothers.
It was just once followed by a chasing dream which visited him night after night; his wife wondered at him and said:
Seek guidance in Allah my husband, it is just a nightmare; seek protection in Allah against the devil and sleep.

After that he put his head on the pillow and tried to resume his sleeping. One night he decided not to sleep and said to himself; if it was just a dream. Ok, by God I will not sleep. He stayed up the night anxiously and lay in wait for that dream to come as if he waits for a thief to shower him with all his strength to kill him.

His dreams played fast and loose with him, but as soon as he closed hi eyes a moment, the dream pounced upon him. The man screamed: it was not a dream, it is reality. He rose like a fool and turned on the light while searching for his big stick. His wife woke up along with his sons. She screamed and slapped her cheeks and said frightfully:
What's up? The sons cried and held firmly to their mother's gown edge expected the young son that was still a sleep and not aware of anything around him.

He stood in the middle of the room looking for who was standing opposite of him a short time age. He looked at his wife said sparingly. Stop it now. You scared me and your children too, I told you before it were just a dream or something like nightmare, it is nothing at all, and your boy is safe and sound before your very eyes...

He threw the stick he held short time ago and sat on the edge of the bed putting his head between his hands and said in a tired voice as if he was coming from the battle of the some man that comes to me every night in my dreams. He challenges me by saying... your son is my share, then he comes near to my son contemplating and turning him about. I say repeatedly to him; hand off! And all the time I hold his neck firmly until I woke up to find my body benumbed all over and not able to move my hands.

In the noon, when the sun was beating down on the people of lane with all of its rays, he woke up and went to the cafe' situated on the forepart of his lane. His friend sat beside him and drew his attention to the drops of sweat coming from his head when he said:
Are you just waking up! Be active, why are you crying your heart out like that. He told him about the dreams, his friend was surprised and laughed heartily and drew the attention of the passes- by, and then he commented: what an idea, how does it not come to my mind before?

Don't you know pal the solution of your problems is in the dream. You will pay of your debts, bring up your children and feed his brothers. The man rubbed his eyes and looked at his friend attentively!! What do you mean?
I mean that yesterday I was setting with Mr. ....?

Yes the lawyer who lines in the high black, the new one!! He was setting and said to me: I wish I have a child, don't you know anyone who has many children? And needs somebody to help him?
I mean I will take one of his sons to bring him up and spend money on him so that I can relive his father's Burdon and also to be delighted by the child's company.
I'm ready to pay whatever he wants. What's your opinion?
He was amazed and his eyes and mouth was wide open like a fool, then he sank in his chair, wiped his forehead with his right hand and looked at his friend steadily, his friend replied: he said that he will pay up to twenty thousand but with one only condition, he will ascribe the boy to him and write his name after himself.

He stood up and waked two steeps then returned to sit a gain. He looked at his friend who said to him... what do you say? Think it over and if you agree I will have a commission of 10%, I mean two thousand, ok? Think and I'm waiting for your reply.

In the evening of the next day, his wife began to cry out; my son was stolen you people; my son was stolen (kidnapped).

When she went to her husband's friend to ask him about her son: haven't you seen my man and father of my children, but he was completely taken up with counting his money...one... Two till three...

No, by God, go and search for him!!

Dryness

Abdel-Monem Shalabi(Egypt)

Dryness

Everyday, He sees her, listens to her and grumbles!!. She speaks angrily while chewing gum and swallowing rood continuously. Words come from her lips as if crushed like the fragments of grain slithering down from a mill!! She always so, She combines swallowing, getting angry and crushing words at the same time. He contemplates her painfully...He scorns her and also himself... And turns his face to the wall...

He sees her standing beside him in a wide golden frame. The brightness of her eyes takes away his sight. A brightness of genuine love. Her eyes were wide. There is a magic in their black color. Looking at the handsomeness of his face desirously, her eyes between her long eyelashes stared at him. On her cheeks, there is a rosy blush that dazzles him. Her smile is always brightening. Would that she rolled her face in his chest and said: I love you!!

When he kissed her, she felt that she entered heaven and was swimming freely in the river of love. In response, she gave him a kiss fiercer than her wild imagination.

-Are you happy to that extent?!

-Your love is the secret of my happiness. This is the key of my heart. Take it (kissing it) and open my heart to make sure!!

A genuine feeling overwhelmed me that I possess the key of the whole world.

My soul war brimful wits the desire of love and pleasure!! He surveyed with hit eyes the other walls, their color faded and become dusty with the passage of years. How many yean has passed?! On the wall, there is a tree with two bore branches, a tree that is implanted in a green field surrounded with a dark brown farm. When have I hung this painting? And this two mountain painting. Whose frame in dudes a hut, sheep that are grounded in a dry grass and a dog yapping the ground, where is the shepherd or the shepherdess?

The drizzle of her anger is still heard in his ears. She has not ceased chewing. Swallowing and crushing words... It is wise of you to lease before anger grows fiercer and more furious!!
I believed in the strength of woman and her ability to humiliate man whenever she wishes even if she is a basic cause of the act and its sorrowful consequences: diviners say: renew your bed or marshy again, sooth Sayers he commend moving house.. All of them do not know the truth of our relation!!

He was overcome by fierce anger. He got angry with her and for her. Also with himself, with life as a whole!! He gathered all his anger in a one fiery glance at the flat with what in it and who is it and pushed off. There must be something beautiful in the world we have not discovered yet!!
Our street is a long, wide and crowded one. You must see a smile in it or hear a piece of laughter. Long ago, I saw a lot of people, among them were my mother and father, they were kidding and laughing. I was their only playful young. She puts great hopes on her young. She pinches my cheek and kisses it saying: You'll be a man; you'll marry and have many children!! You man.

Your old or modern time, Time is time... You and her... And people! That flowing current metrically..!! Be careful not to fall in your hole, a deep hole, you'll bump into its walls animally as a blind hungry mouse!! The only saner is to put your feet on a paved way!! Then go with out impediments!!.

What will you do if you find the whole world without a single paved way? And every human being is paving a way to walk through but to where? To whom? Hearts hardened, never a single drop of lone to remain. Ears become deaf not hearing anything, neither the nature's glorious whisper nor its raucous clamor. Places because very narrow ever with those who filled it with life. Here is the wide street extended before you, filled with all contradictory things, choked, walk in it if you can!!
His foot stumbled over a female beggar lying straight across the pavement, embracing a baby to her chest and stretching her hand for alms to the passersby.

He stepped off the pavement to avoid her. An angry car screamed right behind his back, he jumped while scared to escape with a narrow margin. Then he bumped into a carriage. The carriage man screamed rebuking: open your eyes you blind!!

The scream didn't shock him and he did not become angry with it. Then he stood on the edge of the pavement and said to himself: it is the first time to hear a genius piece of advice from a sincere man, neither has he known me nor I know him!! You had to open your eyes and from the very beginning!! But have you known the invisible?! And now can you feel remorse?

Or do you have the right to feel remorse. Recall your will again and try before anything to understand, but to understand what? Have you before done any thing you don't understand?

Truthfully, there is a hidden force controlling her and you? You may be taken a back by it?

Can you resist the currant without having a ship? Can you prevent rain from dropping?!

He leaned against a high wall between two cartoon boxes and looked at the clamor of the street that is crowded with God's creatures...

He feared that the owner of the two boxes would send him away, and then he said anxiously to himself: when she speaks angrily, she may be under a satanic force pressuring and torturing her!! And waits you for help!! and you didn't try so you only felt sorrow was genius .. You were sorrowful for yourself and her!!

While he was inserted between the two boxes he felt as if he was dreaming. All he sees of man or animals or plants or lifeless objects, as he felt, are more imaginary things coming in his dreams... he heard himself pleading before an imaginary court jury so exerted efforts is listing fabricated justification. He asserts that they are factual evidence, and that respected count has to be convinced with. As long as he defends hardly, he felt faithfully that he does not tell the truth. But in spite of that, he tells the truth because he does not confirm that it is the absolute truth; he does not know it thoroughly.

Gentlemen, who of you does know the absolute truth, anyone of us des not expresses any thing but what he actually feels. This is what affirms before the all and affirms also that everything in his life have changed. As long as he tries to settle these things, he faces hidden forceful impediments.

He awoke from his absent-mindedness due to a clamorous scream coming from the owner of the two boxes: are you just standing among away. Make room for clients. May God send away misfortune!!
He stumbled into boxes and people... he bumped into a woman he has not known until she pushed his chest strongly with her elbow and said screamingiy: open your eyes you blind!

The scream shocked him. He fell on his confused head to make a painful scare of silence that is mixed with shame... he lay still filled with excitement. His eyelashes shivered as he was looking at her walking carelessly.

She sees you as a blind!! She and the carriage man are of one opinion. How do the other see you ? And how do you see your self? He tried to catch up with her to say: I' m not a blind, you are nervous, you are in clutter with everything unconsciously. But she over took him, she was coming up and down the pavement inclemently and carelessly. He remembered female acrobats, It seemed that after she has bumped into him, she wanted to escape from him He came near to her, he struggled and stirred until he came near to her: He stared at her back which is wrapped with an orange dress with a light curve.. Is it she?! It is impossible to be her. I left the house with everything in it to her, may be she calms down and be compatible How she dared to go out alone like that! You go out in the street that in filled with cares to forget your torment that we have nothing to do with it?! She changed direction.

She brought a shoe ware d it above my head and body and repeated what she learned in these situation to expect evil spirits but of no avail I wished they would hear me erring wispier just to bring fresh hope to them. "Oh... my dear, I'm happy to see you around me, I'm full of pain at seeing this panic in your eyes... but there is no choice... it is the end... "On..." my eyes spread through haut all of them and paid them fare well speechlessly. Be fore any one else. My son felt that it is the end, and then his tears dropped heavily. The tears that he rarely shows them- it is the fall. He lowed himself to me and held my hand, his tears made it wet. I wished him with my eyes to stop shedding tears, then he did, he was the nearest and the most faithful, passion ate of my sons to me. His wipe and children ceased crying too and she asked them to do so.

I stared at them all paying faze well. A third shudder spread throughout my body to spread me with the warmth that chon gad the coldness of my body. Now... only now, I did understand what was hap poring through out the work now understood... why I threw the stick and why my eyes stared at it while it dried in to the depths of the river, yes my eyes?? I can not blink or close then. "My father... father" my son screamed. I said is a voices that preferred to he main in the warmth al my depth... It is no use... I t is no use... I t is the end.

Suppose

Sami Abdel Fattah(Egypt)

Suppose

At a crossroads spot. Two shabbily -dressed men stood. They were very hungry and thirsty. Never a sigh penny was left in their pockets when one of them cried suddenly:

I wonder. What will we do if we found two thousand pounds under a car?

The second man shouted at me directly: "Of course,. We will divide it equally... one for you and the for me.

The first man stood contemplating him disdain fully and suspiciously then he cued offensively: -Equally? How come that justice divides it equally be tweet you and me? Do you want to equalize who found and picked the money who only see it?

-Haven't I been with you?

-Although...

-They may be picked up too.

-From under the car?

-Yes ,from under the car.

-suppose that the car moved... and crushed your hand.

-Hare it crushed your own hand?

-I say "suppose" it meats suppose that

Some thing will happen"... don't you understand?

-If you want to say your supposition then suppose that I am the one who found them...

-Do not speak to me like that or I'll kill you.

-You kill me?.. where will you think me to put my hand is then?

-In your empty pocket.

-My pocket is empties than yours...

-A bloody noisy quarrel was a bout to happen,
-Except that the se con d cont aired this and cried:
-wnat do you want then?
-one- third to two-thirds
-But this is a dire injustice... will I accept this?
-Do you hare any other choice?
-I have a plan?
-What is your plan?... to hit me for example-
-With a stone – and take all the moray a love?
-No... In fact I'll in form its owner.
-Do you know him?
-No...
-How will you go to a man you don t know?
-Do you know him?
-They say "Do not eat with a blind man... or drink with a fool".
-A fool... it is unprecedented insult...
-A hew quaver was about to happen but the first man cried decisively and re consolably:
-let us eat first and then think of what we'll do.
-well, I' m starving dreadfully but do not for get that me haven t agreed on the ratio yet.
-I Sid one- third to two- thirds.
-Do not make it fait accompli.
-And you... Don't take advantage of my need.
-I said to you. Do not talk to ma like that, Do I?
-I don't mind what you suit... give me my right... and said what you west to soy.

-You rep eat that a gain?.. Don't you fear my daggas?
-I fear nothing but losing my right.
-Then you hate me... and want to plunder me
-Never on Earth who can do chine me.
-Then take this firs t stab.

The first man drew his daggers and aimed it at his enemy but the second avoided it at the last moment and prepared for the sec and stab. When he sow the first advancing like a wild bull and seeking his lines, he passed him, then the first bumped is to an old thee and his blade has been broken.

Before rising to stab him with the remaining piece of the dagger, he jumped ores his chest and gave him painful blows and boxes. Then he found a nearby roe e so he muzzled him like a horse. The first was choking and losing strength until he heads the second crying from a bore:
-Glory be for who is satisfied with it the second did not know how it turned ones. The first ride on him and related more genes dourly.

All what he can he me, ember is that they rolled and rolled until they fell in a drainage hole and were struck by nasty smells.
The drainage water was about to drift them to the grinding gears but they reviled hardly and ascended it to lie fatigued on the disgustedly and Ge Hing some thing sticky from his pocked:
-Suppose that we found a flowing waterway.
-Then who will wash himself first?
The second said without rubbing his head, Thought fully: surely, the dirtier.
Then they exchanged looks. They found that
They ass equal in nastiness. the first said:
Why shouldn't he be the longer in age or the wiser?

The second looked at him disdainfully while searching for some thing to throw him with..

The first remembered that he had lost his only dagger then he cried to bring him gradually:

-suppose that we found a lavish restaurant...

-Then what will we do?

-The second said hastily: Enter it immediately.

-And who will pay?

-Of course me.

-Why not me? Don't you see any body bat your nose?

-You who don't know my esteem.

-You force me to hit you.

-And you call me to kill you.

The first man lost patience and jumped ones the second throwing him to the ground while the second tried to ride on him. They kept on hitching. insulting and turning ones each other until they were folly exhausted. Their clothes were torn and their joints were cut then stopped that and slept on their backs without u Herring a word. Be fore evening comes, they discovered that their blood was shed, their roses were swollen and their injuries were not cried. The first. Cried half.- laughed and half-wept:

-Sup pose that we haven't found any money?!

The se coned whispered while feeling shame:

-Neither a car crushed your hand

-Nor I lost my blade.

-Nor we fell in the drainage hole.- Nor we entered the restaurant

-Nor my eye swelled

-Oh... my eye oh my eye!

They kept on moaning and supposing things while leaning a against each other and swaying in the evening darkness- toward a new crossroads!



Fatma Yousuf El-Ali (Kuwait)

usual, when she woke up. She recalled the details of last night. She does not know why a feeling filled her that he was after something.
Even when he puts the ring in to hen finger, his eyes were glittering strangely, a thing that she feared much.
But he was self-restrained when he did not offer to make hen enter his Howe. Why shouldn't it be a trick not to be hasty? It may be a tactic played by such men in their adventures to entrap women.

As such she thought, He was captivating in his way with her. She has to be very cautious and wise as usual.
In the evening, she prepared her self to meet him, she does not know what happened to her. She was trembling she chose carefully what to wear. Despite the fact that it is not her habit she combed her hair in a way that it appears short because he told her that short hair suits the liniments of her face. She came near to the mirror contemplating the whiteness of her face, and before going out she looked at her self all over.

He received her warmly. He said: after I entered your inner world, I found it beautiful as your outer world.
She asked how?

He said while his eyes were glittering: when you speak, the world becomes silent, when you laugh, my heart trembles and when you are absent, your Phantom honors around my soul. The purity of your face is as a painting full of life as the purity of your soul and innocence.
-Are you a poet? or a Magician?

His looks were deep like a border les for est. she does not know why she felt that he is hasty to reach his tar get... He occupied all her day... After that, he took her to beautiful places and was m restaurants He gore her presents on occasion and not on occasion He provided and warm rent wants marvelous books they walked together in many streets chatting each other for many hours He tells her stories he has read and she doer the same coming close to get hen seems in evil ape

N our thought: we feel strong. Affinity to each other, I can not deny that many a time I wished to massy quickly and to choose any place and hawse but my mind rejects this idea.

One day where we were walking together, he told me that we are psychologically in agreement to a great extort ever when we are agreeing disagree icy. And that we will enter in to mutual desires that will be changed in to a reality needed and desired by He also told me that I am very delicate despite my semi-owners.

We were talking discerning matters and laughing together freq gently, it seems that he was hell-bent on meeting me.

But there is some thing that usually awake her mind she was exerting much effort to uncover the am dignity of his behaviors and his interest in her she re calls the memory of their first meeting that was not on accident at least from his part He was delicate when he approached he but her feelers ma de her withdrew herself and be some steps away from him she did not know why she felt that he was playing as previously planed scene.

You are more beautiful than I in gained or heard: he said.

THANK you She murmured

After that she tried to bring him on s speaking about what he wants from her In the be ginning he lagged he was hovering about her, striving to come near to her like a bee and was looking at her so she felt uneasy simultaneously. A state of am bigotry dominates her but she rejects fear she realizes with her female sever that he was deigning some thing she understood that from his in tended determination It seems that she delighted him she feels so be course of his Ned-handed looks despite his attempts to lied them.

Even his pleasure will her speeches was not sometimes genuine.

The strange thing is that he was in curing his approaching and com plea we with hen despite his full undress tan ding of her rapture and her unyielding self-restraint

In spite of her feeling of his passion to engage and marry her, there is so me scruples begun to grow in her about his sort and flowery speech.

He told her rep elatedly that she was the woman he was looking for long tine ago.

And that she is the only one he cares for in the whole world, he wants nothing but her. She re men breed Noun:

H was joking with me with his soft pitch, the thing that makes me laugh and respond to him and my heart trembles, and then I

I answer him desirously. I of ten felt that he is my resort in my sorrowful days and that I wrong him by my scruples and self restraint so I be comes in profound sorrow.

I 'var lonely and so he was He told me that I hare awoken him from his scaring Lon linen and that I became his days and nights, came to shed light on his soul and he will never leaner me and wants no thing but me after he found me to be come the apple of his heart and soul.

He was phoning me many times to know. Whew I am to no liver. I was happy with this siege and confinement. We were like two chirping birds.

He brought with him the clamors of childhood and the marvelous playful ran of youth with its beautiful ardor.

One of our engagement days he invited me to a small, majestic and in time ate restraint, it was empty to a degree.
I do not know what happened to me,
I be come silent for a long time. When
I felt as if he wants to molest me,
I lifted my bag and left the pl ace.
He followed me trying to justify what happened but of no avail.
I was of no need for this cupidity while
I was very sad I imagined that he will be my protector and suddenly he wanted to raven me my feeling was in its place, that ambiguity was cleared.
I ceased to meet him , to answers his rings and to be in his places.
I de cid to erase every memory related to him and
I could do so.

He tried frequently to meet me and wished to see me for the last time to explain his intention and behavior and that he sticks to me until the end that is be cause, an he told me, I am the woman who rained his life and heart with patios after long dryness and that I am his phantom that never leaves him.

I asked him to stay away from one but he refused insistently. He hold me that he wants to get every thing off his chest and asked to meet me one only time but I rejected him. I was coming out of my work when he was leaning against my car, he was pale, still and motion less.
He was afraid lest he should ignore him so he said quickly: I want to visit your family and confirm the time of our weeding.

I looked at him sadly and sorrowfully: why did you interrupt that beautiful dream, I said.
He asked me to take coffee with him in a nearly café.
I sat opposite to him...

I know that you are an independent woman...

Who struggles for her financial independence and free down of thoughts, he said. Perhaps I come to you with a low design in my mind but now you are everything to me and the nearest to my soul. I have lived with you as a phantom and I want you for ever.

His words filled me with pain and sadness,

Why then did you behave like that? I said.

He bit his lower lip nervously and with clear shyness expressed in his yellow and dusty lineaments...

I made an unsuccessful conquest... he said.

As such, that woman hates you as you are drawn other woman. She exited me to enter into an adventure with you, that is due to her frequent mention of you, for along time we fill silent until he said that he now thanks her because she was the cause of his sticking to me after he knew me closely. And he knew that he will never touch me as he did with her. Tranquility filled me soul, then we went together to my family and in a big wedding me met last. It was a calm and beautiful evening like my soul that is washed with light.

Flowers Bleed at Sabra and Shatila

Nagwa Mo'mena (Saudi Arabia)

Flowers Bleed at Sabra and Shatila

Abu-Salim is known among his friends, neighbors, countrymen to be straight, pious and patriotic man. He married a noble woman and was bestowed with three daughters and two sons. Abu-Salim lived a hard life until he brought up his children, nothing troubled him except his young daughter's paralysis.

He struggled to bring her medicine; he was allotting a sum of his salary to bring it to her. By that time his daughter got better; she was now able to walk without help as she put out her palms which were still paralyzed. He spent a lot of money on her remedy.

The Lebanese Civil War broke out and consequently many of the country's monuments were destroyed and many of its youth, children, women and old people were severely killed.

Every family man was exposed to death every time he goes to work or when he goes back, corpses were thrown in the streets and everywhere to be devoured by doges and cats. One morning when Abu-Salim was going out to work, his wife screamed at his face and took his clothes from him to prevent him from going to his work. He refused to obey her and insisted on going out but when his children urged him to stay with their weeping and crying he stayed.

One day, one of Abu-Salim's colleagues went to him to inform him that the company is considering the idea of moving to another near Arab country that is safer. And it will transfer any employee who wants to travel abroad with it. The country was the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

Abu-Salim was happy with the company's decision and thought of taking his family with him but it was difficult due to his children schools and his daughters' illness. He approached his wife " I know you are a wise and same woman and I'm sure that you can play the role of both of us, I want abroad. I think that it is the best choice but you have to move to another place that is safer than this one". He saic..

"How will we leave our home and district?". She said.

"Temporarily only". He said.

"Then where will we go". She said

"I will take you to "Al-Geya" district to the south of Beirut; I think it is safer there".

Mrs. Abu-Salim sat thinking and considering her husband's speech but her sons Salim, the fourteen years old Samih and her daughters appealed to her to agree and then she agreed.

Nevin, her daughter, approached her and said:

"Mama I feel that I became deaf from the sounds of rockets and heavy strafe".

"I will not travel if you don't move house" Abu-Salim said. The next morning, Abu-Salim rented a house there in Al-Geya "the coasted city" and furnished it.

The time of traveling abroad came, Abu-Salim was very sad because he will leave his wife and children but he wants to feed them and make an honorable life for them. He kissed and carried every one of them. "you have to obey your mother, never go out except for school, do not forget that the Palestinian people are here because we are Palestinian like them thus we are exposed to any stripe. "he cautioned them". "In the beginning the problem was between the Christians and the Palestinian people but now it is between the muslins and Christians, and no one knows when this damned war will end." he resumed his speech.
Abu-Salim paid farewell to them all and left. He was looking to them, his feet were not able to move, he was very sad.

Then he got in the car that went to Syria due to Beirut airport closure and then to Saudi Arabia.
Abu-Salim arrived at Jedda to settle down. He was too anxious about his wife and children and was spending much time listening and watching TV to know the news of his country.

The war in Lebanon became fiercer and fiercer their never by Telex, he know that his father could not sleep until his telex reaches him.
For nearly six years Abu-Salim a happy and safe life in Jedda and at last he decided to bring his family to Kingdom of Saudi Arabia because his son Salim was about to graduate from his college and Samih will finish his high school.

At the end of the academic year and as usual he traveled to see his family, he yearned for kissing, caressing and chatting them.
When he was returning home, but when he returns Abu-Salim becomes filled with happiness and joy about seeing his sons Salim and Samih he became a grown youngsters.

Traveling abroad enabled Abu-Salim to gain money that helped him raising his children, he was very happy that they do obey their mother.
"War my children has no money and who die are innocent civilians". He said. "We thank you father, you brought us a car, it helped us more". He said. "Do you carry out my advice" his father said.
"of course father, he never drives but with my mother beside him". His eldest daughter said.

He told them to be ready to travel with him the next year to Jedda, this sudden decision made them very happy.
"it is the last travel Abu-Salim, take care, the way is not safe and for the war it is the same to it whether innocent or guilty". His wife said.
"Trust in God" he said.

Mrs. Abu-Salim told her husband to inform her of his arrival at Damascus when he reaches it and before traveling to Saudi Arabia.
Salim held his father's bag to see him off but his father screamed at him "you'll never go with me, the road is very dangerous". He said.
"No father I'll go with you to see you off at the borders". He said.
"Are you mad Salim, No, never" his father screamed.

At last, Abu-Salim took his bag and went out. For two days they haven't heard anything from Abu-Salim. The family became very anxious about him and suddenly Salim decided to go out searching for his father. His mother prevented him but his brother Samih supported him by saying that he will go with him to search for their father. The mother grew fiercer and prevented them both from going out.

Here, the phone rang, Abu-Salim was speaking to them, they were happy about that, and he told them that he reached the borders safely and will travel to Jedda house later.

Abu-Salim returned to his work safely but one morning when he turns the radio on, he heard that the treacherous Israeli army invaded and entered Lebanon, " how come that, where is our army, how the army permitted them to enter and pass through the Arab land, Lebanon, the land of love and peace, where are they?...why? How? It's possible!! "He screamed.

The next day he knew that Israeli army entered Lebanon to drive the Palestinians out.
He was taken a back by the bad reuse" why do they in testers in our affair, we are a ore Arab Home and a our, nation, we car mange our affairs without the interferers of any one else, their tae get is to occupy the le bar ere lard." He sold" they are heady to kill emery Muslim and Christian to pre rail, what a shameful Israeli trick." He resumed.

The Zionist people le does not know the meaning of humanity, they are known from the age of the prophet Muhammad (pun) to be treacherous and per pi pious and is khoum for his lore of occupying other people's lands.
He was fall of case for his people, Abu- Salim lined a nine months of anxiety trouble. "How does the civilized world fill silent to all of this ban barium? Where is the voice of conscience?. Who will stop this arrogant Jasser?, the world is just watching us and does nothing, It does not care about the killing of women, child son and old people", he said.

Every Arab citizen was sad, noting cheers him but the news of the defiant resistance of the Muslim le bam ere citizens against the sinful Israeli army who used all internationally prohibited weapons to kill the Palestinians hebar on became black and gloom, its land was irrigated by its people', blood, Beirut wept be cause of what the bar bas basic people who is filled with envy and hatred for every Arab citizen, did.

Abu-Salim was heart· broker about what happened to every mar, woman, and child by the war that is imposed on the western region of Beirut for nearly three mother the Muslim people was fighting the enemy desperately At last. And for the safety of the people of the western region of Beirut, the Palestinians decided to go out of it after

Israel justified its strafe by saying that it did so be cause the Palestinians are these. After the end of this blood shed, Abu Salim decided to travel to see his family on September the this the thirteenth but on Wednesday right 181911982 his heart began to beat fast, he was anxious about his family. Then he took his bag and decided to travel.

"How come that, you booked at the airplane that is going to Syria on September 21, what happened" one of his friends asked.
"No, I'll go mad if I stay" Abu-Salim said. Two days later after Abu-Salim's travel world news agencies am owned the bigot and the most horrible crime the world has ever seen, it is the massacre of Sebra and Shatila when committed out by Israel and its a yenta News agencies with their different kinds dogma to telecast and broadcast the pictures of tens and hundreds of your g peoples corps's, of all ages, ten years old, twenty, thirty, fifty and even seventy years old.

All of them where slayer d or bulleted or dunned the guilty and sinful hand has thrown them to death metrically, emery man in the world was monce by this horrible and terrible massacre. It in the first of its kind to be recorded in history, ancient or modern. It is the massacre of Sebra and Shatila.

On Saturday morning, September 21, 1982, Abu-Salim returned mom alter encountering many hardships, He reached his house at Al-Geya" but he did not find any one of his family there. He asked his neighbors but of no avail. He went to his relatives and they told him that his wife is at a hospital in Al-Boris. He was taken a back by hearing that and went to the hospital to find that all of them were decent in black. Mrs. Abu-Salim was weeping and crying like a mad woman." What happened? He said. Upon seeing hive Mrs. Abu-Salim begum to shout. Weep. Scream and beat her self. "on they killed them, killed them Abu Salim" she screamed and lost conscious nor.

"Oh who is killed, who?, whose is Salim? Bring him to me, where is Samih?" he said "calm down" his broths said.
Haven't any thing happened to my father" Abu- Salim said"
"No they are all right" his bro then said. After three months Abu Salim and his wine left hospital, they sat with this daughters remembering Salim and Samih," Are you sure that they have beer killed" Abu Salim asked.

His wife be gone to cry and weep bitterly. "be calm, I did not expect that you will return to Sabra after I moved to "Al-Geya" he said to his wife
"I'm the cause, I'm the causer" she said. "After the Palestinians left Sabra, we heard some people saying that we have to return to our hoarer hot to be seized by any one only then we re turned" she resumed.
"damn the house" he cried.

"We entered our house. The time for dinner came. I sent Samih to buy something to eat but when he did not ret urn, Salim said that he will search of him my mother" she wiped her tears and resumed.

"Salim went out and saw abnormal movement He heard that the Israelis are dreamed in Lebanese military uniforms and supported by so me agents, they were killing people in their houses, then he returned to drive away. When he reached the home he found me and his sisters led by one solid told as that I should not fear be cause well go to a camp for women to be safe there, then the soldier who was speaking with a Lebanese dialect, took Salim with him". She resumed.

The wife threw herself on the sofa unable to résumé her speech, then her elder daughter completed the story" father, let her, she can not bear this painful shock, when she sent my un de to search for them, he to brought her the ircws of this death", she said

"the corpses where very swollen to the extent that nobody is able to know anyone of them" she said.

"Have you made sure of the corpses of Salim and Samih?" her father asked. Yes, I recognized the corpse of Samih from his clothes but my um de re cognized the corpse of Salim" she said

They are not guilty, they are innocent people, thy haven't held any weapons all their lines". Abu- Salim said.

For three months. Abu Salim searched for his two sons but his hopes were gone with the wind, they home really been killed by the most horrible crime on Earth.

Abu-Salim no longer sees his beautiful we ban or as it was, he sees it now Ne[illegible]y black and gloom. He car not bear staying there, then he took his family with him to Saudi Arabia to live safely there.

They lived in the sadness of losing Samih and Salim, they will nerves forget them, he has anger in his heart that will destroy every- thing, the anger that will destroy his rummy and the enemy of the humanity who carried out that horrible crime.

How many a bereaved mother, a heart-broker father and a sad wife who were still mourning their children and husbands at Sabra and Shatila!



Nadia Al-kawKabani (Yemen)

The End

I did not know that I would see the dam that is close to my house for the last time. Something inside me pushed me to throw my stick in the river bed . I stood contemplating it for a long time while it was penetrating the water artery. I headed for my house, unwillingly and reluctantly. The journey of my life with its full details crowded in my tined skull. I appealed to my memory to find an exploration to that. Why my feet led me to this place, and this place definitely? That is after I passed a full week in my small warm village, warm like its kind people. It is situated on the top of a high mountain touching the clouds , I identified with their blue pen of their pupil and adorning its chest with their grey fog. it is my village that witnessed my playful childhood , boyhood , youth and the town was my old age . I have not resisted the call that urged me to left a single scene without engraving it in the depth of my memory as if I see it for the first and last time .with respect to my places of eating , I was careful to spend every one of it in one of the houses of my boyhood friends Now , I stood for along time aiming my stick at the heart of the water of the dam that I have past many nights contemplating and talking to. sometimes I tell it my happiness and many times my cares my stick !! how did I throw it ? how will I step further without it and it become my friend since I become over the age of sixty until now flow will I return

home without it ? I tried to step and my feed did not fail me I headed to the house full of wonder of what is happening to me. what is that feeling that breaks into the chambers of my being is it the feeling of the end ? .. The end !! what is it end . is it death ? a shudder ram through my body when I mentioned death . I continued to walk to the house and knocked the door . before my grand daughter opens the door as she always used to when she knows my way of knocking at the door ... " my grandpa arrived .. my grandpa arrived " , I looked behind my back and paid farewell to my last steps , that was before the village enters into its dark night that was frightening me and still frightens me till now . my grand-daughter opened the door ... " my grandpa came in " I was filled with astonishment sue to the feeling of that moment , that moment definitely .. I turned to the little girl when I am raising my feet above the terrace repeating " There is no god but Allah , and that Muhammad is the messenger of Allah ." My grandpa , where is your stick , the little girl asked ? "Oh ." Why I am not able to answer my grand-daughter " my grandpa give me you hand " oh.. why am I so tongue - tied like that ? I stretched my hand while a similar shudder spread into my body making it like a piece of ice . My granddaughter held my hand I wanted to tell her not to be afraid " oh .. " she touched my hand but I fell to the ground not able to move or speak . all I could do is to monitor what was happening to my grand-daughter ." mother .. Mother my grandpa fell to the grandpa.. Mother hurry up.. My grandpa fell to the ground". She screamed with panic covering her angelic face - every one in the house hurried up . My son , his wife and their first son whom

I remembered his birthday and how I tried much to calm down the beats of my heart that was about to come out of my chest due to my great happiness . "father what happened to you ? " uncle . What happened to you?" grandpa. what happened to you ? "They all screamed while staring at my thrown body. "oh.. " I am aware of all of them . I feel pain at the scare and sorrow that covered their faces but I can not do anything about what is happening to me .. a single word cannot be uttered from my lips and never a single movement of my body . their held me all and carried me to my grandson room , the place I prefer to sleep in " grandfather , it is the best place to sleep in , it keeps you away from air currents " he has chosen it to me. My step-daughter hurried to bring incense to help warm the room and to expel evil spirits whom she believed to be the cause of what happened to me, she brought a shoe , warned it above my head and body and repeated what she learned in these situation to expect evil spirits but of no avail , I wished they would hear me even in whisper just to bring fresh hope to them . "oh .. my dear , I'm happy to see you around me , I'm full of pain at seeing this panic in your eyes .. But there is no choice.. it is the end .. "oh .. " my eyes spread through out all of them and paid them farewell speechlessly . Before anyone else. my son felt that it is the end ,then his tears dropped heavily - the tears that he rarely show a them - it is the fall . he lowered himself to me and held my hand , his tears made it wet . I wished him with my eyes to stop shedding tears, ten he did, he was the nearest and the most faithful passionate of my sons to me. His wife and children ceased crying too after he asked them to do so. I started at them all paying farewell. A third shudder spread throughout my body to spread me with the warmth that changed to coldness of my body. Now.. Only now, I did understand what was happening throughout the week, I now understood... Why I throw the stick and why my eyes stared at it while it dived into the depths of the river, yes my eyes?? I can not blink or close them. "My father ... Father "my son screamed. I said in a voice that preferred to remain in the warmth of my depth... It is no use ... it is no use... It is the end.

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